THE Distressed Welshman, Born in TRINITY-LANE:

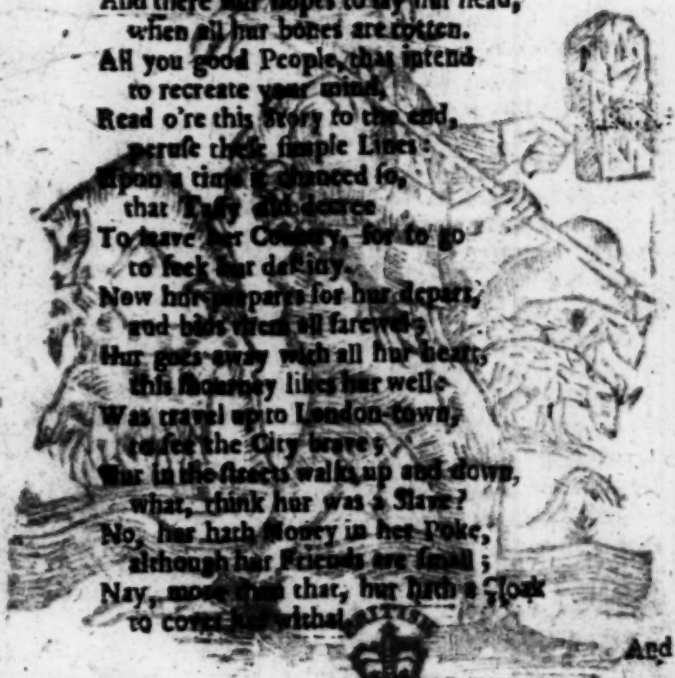
WITH

A Relation of his Unfortunate Travels.

Printed by and for T. Norris, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge.

The Distressed Welshman.

IF any ask hur what hur am,
hur is a Gentleman;
If you will not believe hur, then
go into Trinity-lane;
For there hur was born and bred,
and afterwards begotten;
And there hur hopes to lay hur head,
when all hur bones are rotten.
All you good People, that intend
to recreate your mind,
Read o're this Story to the end,
peruse these simple Lines:
Upon a time it chanced so,
that Taffy did desire
To leave her Country, for to go
to seek her destiny.
Now hur prepares for hur depart,
and bids them all farewell;
Hur goes away with all hur heart,
this Journey likes hur well.
Was travel up to London-town,
to see the City brave;
Hur in the streets walks up and down,
what, think hur was a Slave?
No, hur hath Money in her Poke,
although her Friends are small;
Nay, more than that, hur hath a Cloak
to cover her withal.



And

And as hur walk along along the street;
the City for to see.
A sheating Quean doth Taffy meet,
and robs him craftily.
Now he perceives when she was gone,
his money all was lost.
And after hur in haste did run,
it was no time to boast:
But all in vain for she's too swift,
she leaveth him behind;
Now he to study some new shift,
applies his angry mind.
Now hur laments hur evil Fate,
and bitter destiny;
For hur is left to such a State,
her knows not where to lye.
Cots-splutter-a-nails, he then replies,
hur knows not what to do,
For hur hath seen her better days,
and bid them all adieu;
Hur doth lament and weep for grief,
at hur unhappy loss;
Hur seeks about for some relief,
but all in vain it was.
At length hur came into a shop,
where meat was to be sold;
Hur sits hur down, begins to knock;
the knave was somewhat bold.
Hur doth begin, and thus do say,
hur was a Shentleman;
Hur time was short, nor cannot stay,
for hur must soon begon:

Hur business at the Court remains,
hur thither must retire,
Or else hur loses all her gains,
O hur was not slothful.
And then his Hostess all in haste,
brought to him dishes more,
And he by turn on each doth taste,
there is no need of more!
In little time he doth suffice
his hunger that was great,
And from the table he doth rise,
leaving but little meat.
And then he calls a little boy,
thus unto him he said,
I give thee this, stay here while I
go see the reckoning paid.
The Boy more greedy of his gain,
than of his Master's gain,
To eat up all he makes great haste,
while Taffy runs amain.
This being done mark one thing more,
now he hath made escape,
He calls to mind the day before
hur loft hur whole estate.
Therefore hur walks the streets along,
to see if there were any,
That could redress poor Taffy's wrong,
or help him to his money.
And as he walkt he met the Ape
that pickt his poke before,
Was coming to him once again,
to see if there were more.

When

When Taffy saw, he knew her face,
and runs to her with speed;
But it was to his disgrace,
as you'll hereafter read.
Cots-splutter-a-nails, this is the Thief
did steal the money from her,
And robb'd her of all her relief,
now her doth seize upon her.
This made the Welshman for to smile,
though he herself did know,
Before this but a little while
her served her Hostess so.
This sheat for fear of future wrong,
did to the People say,
He robb'd me as I went along;
and so he run away:
The People hearing her report,
Taffy away they haul
Into the Session's-house-court,
to plead before them all.
And as they dragg'd him thro' the street,
although his case was poor,
It chanced so that he did meet
the Cook he robb'd before.
Now Taffy must endure the heat,
before the Judge's he's brought;
The Cook indicts him for his meat,
the Woman for his fault.
Now Taffy knowing what was done,
nothing at all did say;
But at the last to speak begun,
was robb'd the other day.

Hur sheating Trot was pick hur poke,
and robbed hur by craft,
Then hur was forc'd to pawn her cloak,
no other help was left;
And then hurself doth wander to
a victualling-house with speed;
Was call for meat, was tell to you,
hur hungar for to feed.
When hur was come into the house,
hur Hostess brought good store,
And hur doth taste of every dish,
while hur could eat no more.
Now hur was going for to pay
for what hurself did eat,
And as hur look't another way,
hur spies out this shame sheat:
Then hur pursu'd her, whilst at last
was catch hur by the arm:
Then she turn'd back, catcht me as fast,
hur had the greater harm.
The Justice hearing all was done,
and that they did abuse him,
In order calls them one by one,
so kindly he did use him:
But Taffy's tongue could not refrain,
was tell hur all hur mind;
He often cries, Was ugly Queen,
cots-splut, will beat hur blind.
'Twill not prevail, 'twas all in vain,
Taffy must surely die,
It was not time to speak again,
great was his villany.

Now

Now Taffy knows not what to do,
to die sentence is given;
Will hur believe? was tell her true,
was sure to go to Heaven.
These words did please the People well,
they all were bent to laughter;
But mark what unto her befel,
the worst of all comes after.
Just like an Image Taffy stands,
and dares not move at all,
But at the last he wrings his hands,
and on his knees did fall;
Was pray hur Justice, Jesus sake,
nor Judge her to be hanged:
Some other Sorrows let her take,
hur fears not to be banged.
The Justice then to him replies,
Thou shalt not hanged be;
Cots-splut and ouns, the Welshman cry'd,
great thanks was give to thee.
Ay, but the Justice speaking on,
did much increase hur sorrow,
Thy hand shall burned be non;
yea, almost burned thorow.
This liked not the Welshman well,
yet hur had rather hide,
To see the Subburbs of black Hell,
than in the town to ride.
Hold up thy hand, the Hangman said,
where I shall thee appoint,
This made poor Taffy free afraid,
was wish 'twas out of joynt.

The Hangman then to him did say,
When I the Iron bring,
Hold thy head quother way, and
say thrice, God save the King.
The Hangman he makes no delay,
but quickly clapt it to,
God save, plut, 'twas hot, her says,
was almost burned through.
The People all did laugh outright,
while he did weep as fast,
The Hangman put him in a fright,
says, All his grief's not past.
He tells him he must burn once more,
because he did not sing,
As he had taught him once before,
three times, God save the King.
Cots-splut an ouns, was ne'er her cry,
Cot bless her burning arm,
Excuse hur to hur Majesty,
when hur hath all the harm.
This being done the Justice frees
poor Taffy by the law,
But yet, alas, was pay hur fees,
or all's not worth a straw.
This one thing grieves hur most at last,
than all was done before,
Hur is not yet gone clean past,
for there is one thing more.
The Keepers take him for his fees,
which vext the Welshman sore,
Hur has no score for aught hur knows,
was pay her all before.

Was ask hur now for Keepers fees,
hur had no ſhunk at all,
Hur may not buy no leeks nor cheeſe,
her ſubſtance is ſo ſmall :
Was prav hur Keeper open doors,
as hur may truly ſwear,
As hur was never here before,
will never more come there.
The Keeper hearing what he ſaid,
was moved vnto laughter,
Poor Taffy he no longer ſtaid,
Take heed, quoth he, hereafter.
Now he hath ſcap'd the Keepers Claws,
and hath his freedom won ;
His mind is bent to learn the laws,
and now hur hath begun :
Forthwith i'th' Court hur goes with ſpeed,
a Lawyer's Clark to be,
Yet he cou'd neither write nor read,
O, the more is the pity.
Now her was asked what hur were,
hur was a Shentleman,
And hath ſuffer'd many a Loſs,
thus hur Complaint began :
But hur will rather hide the ſhame,
a Lawyer's Man to be,
Before hur will return again
into her own Country.
Although you know your Calling ill,
yet hur delights to live
A Servant to your Pleaſure's will,
if hur will hur believe.

Hur

Hur never lov'd hur Bones should Work
at any toilsome Trade,
But hur likes best to be a Clerk,
mark well what hur hath said;
His Master ask'd him if he had
learn'd Latin Books, or Greek,
What think hur was a Man was mad,
was think hur cannot speak:
Was learn'd hur A B C three times o're,
before hur had a Primmer;
And now hur had noneed of more,
hur has enough within hur.
Now they did ask if hur could read
a Lawyer's written Scrole:
Now Taffy has no thing to plead,
he cannot Read at all:
Kind Reader, judge, is this thing true,
which Taffy hath decreed.
He swears he'll write as well as you,
tho' he could never read?
It was decreed for Taffy then
to learn his Book apace,
And next day to return again
into the self-same place;
Next day betimes to the Place he goes,
from whence he d'd proceed,
What he had learned no Man knows,
he tells them he can read:
He meets his Master in the hall,
was tell hur what was do,
Was write, God bless us on a wall,
and hur was read it too.

The

The People then did laugh at him,
was thought hur was in Heaven,
Because to read hur did begin
the Sentence that was written:
God bless me then, forthwith he said,
which when the People heard,
Said, Taffy, you have falsly pray'd,
as by your words appear'd:
Hur was not wrong, was tell untrue,
was sure was no mistake,
Pray for herself, and not for you,
lest God should hur forsake.
'Twas wisely done, as I may say,
of such a Fool as he;
And he must write all the next day
to gain a Lawyer's fee;
Hur takes hur seat, was bravely plac'd,
then pen and ink doth take,
A pattern was before hur face,
like to like he must make:
And as it happen'd there did see
his true copy before him,
An ape's picture was hanging by,
and Taffy did adore him.
Now Taffy thought that was the rule
that he was for to follow;
Behold the wisdom of a Fool
goes far beyond Apollo.
He makes a form, as I am told,
would make a Man to tremble,
And if that I may be so bold,
it did himself resemble.

Coll-

Cou-splint, was picture fine and brave,
was like hur, pessing well.
Hur picture to hur Master gave,
see what to him befel.
Sirrah, I told thee thou shouldst make
what was before thee written;
Therefore thou must for thy mistake,
with many stripes be beaten.
Cou-splutter-a nails, will serve hur so?
will stay with hur no longer,
To seek hur fortune hur will go,
and hur away will wander.
Now Taffy tells me he hath land,
was left to hur in Wales,
And hur'll possess it out of hand,
because hur Fortune sails.
But then the Master tells him he
would beg his whole estate,
Because of his simplicity,
a wiser Man should hate.
But now hur sees there is no cause
why hur should lose hur land,
For hur hath learn'd the English laws,
hur wears it in hur hands.
Now Taffy tells them that before
hur dearly bought hur learning,
Such pain was make hunary and sore,
whilst hur poor head was burning.
But all in vain, it will not do,
they threaten his estate,
Then he replies, The Devil take you,
such Rogues shall never hate.

Hur

Hur Father wise, got hur a Fool,
as you report of many,
Why may not hur with hur long tool
beget as wise as he?
Hur will not lose hur own estate,
indeed was tell hur true,
Was sure hur has another part
than give it unto you!
His words prevail against his Foes,
his land shall not be given
To any that do him oppose,
O then hur is in Heaven:
But now her knows not where to go,
not whither to betake hur,
Hur has no Friends as hur do know,
all People did forsake hur;
Though hur has land and money store,
yet hur has no possession,
Therefore in *England* hur is poor,
that is hur own confession.
Now hur was gone through thick and thin,
to seek hur better fare,
New course of life hur doth begin,
the old is out of date:
O hur was hungry, cold, and dry,
hur knows no Friend at all,
A victualling-house her did espy,
ay, but hur wanted shall.
Was enter in as hur may say,
to seek for some relief,
Her sits hur down and there did stay,
next day hur prov'd a Thief:

Was

Was ask hur Hostess then indeed
if hur had any meat;
Hur Hostess brought hur ought with speed,
calf's head and heels to eat;
Was leave hur heels, and eat hur head,
as hur hath truly sworn:
Will eat no more, but go to bed,
and take hur heels i'th' morn.
The morning was come the heels was brought,
Taffy did kindly take them:
He gives his Hostess not a grout,
and so he doth forsake them.
Now Taffy let them, and is fled,
but cannot hold his bragging;
But mark how Taffy after sped,
his Tongue must still be wagging.
They apprehended his Person,
and to the Justice bring him,
And in the street before all Men
into a Prison fling him:
I will not repay his villany,
they put him in the stocks,
From thence into the pillory,
with many lusty knocks,
Nay, more then this, the Welshman shall,
(as it shall soon appear)
Suffer a loss before them all,
the Cock must have his ear:
Be Cot hur stay, hur shall not cut,
hur ear from of hur head,
But if so he hur must have it,
shall be when hur is dead.

But

But this is vasn, it will not ſerve,
the Hangman takes it off,
And bravely he his fleſh doth carve,
whilſt all the People laugh.
This vexed Taffy to the heart,
will not appeaſed be,
His ear-root doth ſo much ſmart,
fills hur with miſery.
The hangman he then preſently
did ſhake the new-cut ear,
And Taffy he fell in a ſwoon,
to ſee hur blood lie there.
They brought him Water ſtrong and ſmall,
to bring his life again,
He riſes up before them all,
O Taffy was not ſlain;
And then he goes out of the Crew,
for ſo he he thought it beſt,
Was Pox and Tevil both take you,
and ſo away he paſt:
Now Taffy in the field doth paſs,
to rid him out of danger,
But the poor Man was here, alas!
abuſed by a Stranger.
Then to the common butts he goes,
to ſee the Archers aim,
And one of them ſhot him in th' noſe,
was almoſt ſplit in twain:
And now the arrow there doth ſtay
while Taffy out doth take it;
If hur ſhoot hur here again, I ſay,
cots-ſplutter-a-nails, will break it.

He

He kindly give the arrow back
unto the Man that shot it;
And thus poor Taffy goes to wrack,
but he hath not forgot it:
The Archers knowing what he was,
could not refrain from laughter,
But Taffy, I would thee advise
take heed of them hereafter.
Well, 'tis no time for him to play,
for he doth victuals need;
He seeks for victuals by the way,
his hunger for to feed;
At length he seeks a bed of leeks,
as he was passing by,
And how to steal them out he seeks,
to study policy:
Now Taffy boldly enters in
the thick and thorny hedge,
The which did rend and tear his skin,
was almost break hur legs:
Now Taffy is in, the good Man's dog
comes running for to bite him,
He lies as still as any hog,
was ready to be shite him:
The dog did bite him by the breeks,
and rend his coat in twain;
Instead of pulling up more leeks,
he lays them down again;
And as it chanced Taffy had
within his poke a knife,
And presently he drew the blade,
and robb'd the dog of's life;

Then

Then out the good Man comes in hafte,
hearing the dog to cry,
And down knockt Taffy at the laft,
he on the ground doth lye.
The good Man askt him who he was,
and how that he came thither?
Hur saith, Was frighted by a Beast,
and so was forced hither.
The old Man did search his breech,
his villany to know,
There he espied a bunch of leeks,
and would not let him go.
Now he must to the Justice go,
and there he must be try'd,
All which was to encrease his woe,
which he could not abide.
He must endure the rigid Laws,
as he had done before,
Must loose his Ears now for this Cause,
to pay the Constables score.
O this was grieve hur to the heart,
and puts hur in a fear,
Now hur must feel another smart,
to loose hur other ear.
The hangman looks for Taffy's ear,
which was cut off before,
But he could never find it there,
which vext the hangman sore.
I prithee Friend, the hangman cries,
tell me where I may find it?
For by no means I can devise,
mine eyes are so much blinded.

Cots-splut, was Rogue, the Welshman said,
hur think it is no reason,
Hur should find ears upon hur head
for every time and season:
Did not not hur give, mark what I say,
one of hur ears before,
Therefore the *Hangman* now must stay,
was like to have no more.
Now all the People standing there
did his Accuser pray,
He should not take this other ear,
but let him pass away:
Forthwith they free him out of hand,
and gave him charge that he,
Should soon depart out of the land,
into hur own Country.
But hur resolv'd to stay a while,
to seek hur better luck,
Though Fortune did hur oft beguile,
will have the other pluck:
Now as for Silver hur has none,
was fore'd to play the Beggar,
Hur to the People makes great mean,
it is no time to swagger:
Hur to the People did consent
to give him some relief,
Their pence apiece on him they spent,
though he was hur a Thief.
Now Taffy thanks the People kind,
God bless hur night and day,
Hur bears this kindness in hur mind,
and so hur wept away.

O hur was glad with all hur heart,
had money at hur will,
Now hur will learn hur fuch an art,
that hur will keep it ſtill
No ſheating Whore ſhall pick his poke,
hur warrant hur will have an
Was wrap it up within hur cloak,
none but herſelf ſhall have it
Well, 'twas hur chance the other night
to fall out with a Carter;
The next day he with him muſt fight,
now mark what follows after
When his blood is hot, he doth conſent,
to meet hur the next day;
The lufty Carter now is bent
at cudgels for to play:
The day was come, the Carter ſtands,
juſt at the place appointed,
But Taffy he was hurt hur hands,
and they muſt be anointed:
Nay, more than this, his legs is hurt,
can neither ſtand nor go
Indeed it is a famous art,
and you the reaſon know
But afterwards they to him told
that one to him was come,
And in his poke had brought him gold,
G--, then hur legs could run:
Then to receive it he did haſte,
was glad with all hur heart,
And kindly he his Friend embrac'd
and loth he was to part.

O hur laments unto hur Friend,
and tell hur evil Fortune;
But if you read unto the end,
you'll hear of their disputing.
They walk together up and down,
to tell each others mind,
His Friend gave to him half a crown,
there's twelve pence more behind.
It is agreed betwixt them both
that they should spend the shilling.
Then Taffy swears a binding Oath,
that he was not unwilling.
It is agreed that they should dine,
both at a house together,
They quickly call'd for bread and wine,
as soon as they came thither.
Each others health doth now go round,
for they are void of care;
The wine did Taffy quite confound,
for he hath drunk his share.
Some words between these Friends there past,
about their noble blood,
Then up starts Taffy all in haste,
his Friend had crost his mood.
Cots-plut, you Rogue, you hold hur tongue,
or hur will cut your crown,
Will make hur pay for all hur wrong,
and then he knocks him down.
This being done, the People cries,
the reason for to know,
They thought the Welshman had been slain,
O but it was nothing so.

His

His head was broke, as I may say,
which to the heart did grieve him,
It was not well the other day,
if that you will believe him.
Now Taffy knows not what to do,
but he pays it off with thinking,
It grieves him now I tell you true,
to lose his Friend by drinking.
Well, by the Law it is agreed,
that Taffy must restore
Full three and four pence for the deed,
to pay the bloody score.
He pays it then with all his heart,
was glad he escaped so,
And he seeks for to depart,
but e're that he must go,
His Landlord then to him did say,
Pay what thou owest me,
For there is twenty pence to pay,
which I expect of thee.
Cots-splut, was tell but what was due,
as hur may clear the score,
Was break hur head hur tell to you,
and give her five groats more,
For hur has broke hur Brother's head,
and unto hur hath given
Full three and four pence for the deed,
'twixt nine groats and eleven.
Then hereupon away he goes,
he leaves the score to pay,
But where he is, there's no Man knows,
for he is fled away.

Now

Now Taffy's silver is all gone,
there's not a penny left,
And he travels all alone,
to seek another shift:
Into a tavern then he goes,
to be a Servant there,
Because canary, Taffy knows,
is better than small-beer.
It was agreed for him to go,
a Drawer for to be,
No wages unto him they give,
because he was not free.
Now he is willing for to serve
at any poor condition,
That he might not with hunger starve,
was glad of that profession.
Yet he is subject unto jeers,
and flouts, as I suppose,
Sometimes they tell him of his ears,
and then his cloven nose,
But Taffy now I would advise
to bear with all crosses,
Let him be silent and be wise,
for fear of greater losses.
The next day being Sunday, he
must go into the Temple,
To hear English Divinity,
but he is an ill Example.
He takes his place, and it is nigh
unto the Preacher's feet,
In little time that he did lye,
he fell fast in sleep.

The

The wine did work in Taffy's head,
and that was all the reason:
So Taffy lies as one that's dead,
'twas for a little season.
Awake, awake, the Preacher said,
[illegible] the People all [illegible]
And then poor Taffy was afraid,
[illegible] body did [illegible] ill:
[illegible] the We[illegible] cries,
[illegible] sudden [illegible]
And now he wipes his [illegible] eyes,
let slip a mighty [illegible]
The People hearing Taffy's voice,
did at it greatly [illegible],
But others they did [illegible] the SEY,
was almost spilt [illegible]
Now Taffy to res[illegible] the doubt,
ariseth from [illegible]
And when they [illegible] clown snout,
they knew it was Taffy's sound:
Therefore it was the People's mind,
to drive him out of the Town,
Each Man doth prove to him [illegible],
the first Man [illegible] him down.
The Boys and Girls [illegible] after him,
[illegible] People doth him chase,
Through the [illegible] must swim,
was in a piteous case.
But Taffy wish'd himself in hell,
for hur was soee offended,
And now I wish the Reader well,
for so my Story's end.

FINIS.